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THE SUNNY-SULKY BOOK

THE SUNNY SIDE

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STORIES BY SARAH CORY RIPPEY

PICTURES BY

BLANCHE FISHER WRIGHT AND MARY SPOOR

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THE SUNNY-SULKY BOOK

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The Sunny-Sulky Book

THE SUNNY SIDE

By
SARAH CORY RIPPEY
Author of "The Goody-Naughty Book"

With illustrations by
BLANCHE FISHER WRIGHT
and
MARY L. SPOOR

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THE SUNNY SIDE

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THE SUNNY-SULKY BOOK

JOHNNIE PUN'KINS

Johnnie lived on a farm. He was very happy when he started off to town for his first day at school. He was very unhappy when he came home in the afternoon.

"Did n't you like school, Johnnie?" asked his mother. "What was the trouble?"

Johnnie did n't want to tell. He pulled on his overalls without answering.

"What is it?" his mother insisted.

"The boys called me 'P-pun'kins!'" he said.

"What did you do then?"

"Nothing." But Johnnie's eyes blazed. "I 'd promised you I would n't fight."

His mother laid a loving hand on his shoulder. "I'm proud of you," she said, "for keeping your promise. Run along now and get the cows. We'll talk about it again."

Johnnie raced off happily with his dog. He felt better, now mother knew.

That night Johnnie and his mother went to the cornfield, where fat pumpkins were turning to gold among the straight rows of corn.

"I 've thought of a better way than fighting to get even with the boys," said his mother. "We 'll have it for a secret." Then she told him about it.

When they left the cornfield Johnnie was smiling. The Secret kept him smiling the next morning as he walked into the schoolyard.

"Pun'kins! Pun'kins! Farmer Pun'kins!" the boys shouted after him. But Johnnie only laughed, and thought about the Secret.

The night before Hallowe'en Johnnie and his father worked busily long after Johnnie's bedtime. Early next morning they piled the Secret into the wagon and drove to town. When the children trooped into school, all the way around the platform in Johnnie's room grinned a row of golden Jack-o'-lanterns!

At once there was an uproar. Miss White had to pound hard on her desk for order.

"Johnnie Andrews brought them," she said; "one for each boy. The biggest one is for Jack Brown. Can you guess why, Jack?"

Jack turned very red. He had been the first one to call Johnnie "Pun'kins." Soon there were red little boys all over the room.

"I see you already know why Johnnie did this," said Miss White. "Isn't he a pretty nice sort of a get-even-er?" Up went her hand. "Three cheers for Johnnie Get-even-er!" she cried. My, what a noise! Then they all felt better.

As for Johnnie, the boys still call him "Pun'kins." But he says he knows they do it now because they like him.

WHY GRETCHEN WAS TARDY

On one side of Tip-Top Hill lived Gretchen; on the other side, at its foot, lay the old millpond. Gretchen was always glad to see it shining up at her as she ran down the hill on her way to school.

"Don't be tardy!" Gretchen's mother charged her one bright September morning as she started off. And then Gretchen and her mother both laughed, for Gretchen was the promptest little girl about Tip-Top.

Gretchen hummed a little song as she skipped along with her fine new slate and a bunch of flowers she was carrying to her teacher.

"Good morning, Mr. Pond," she called gayly, as she reached the foot of the hill.

"You look quite—quite wet to-day," she added, with a little laugh.

"Wet! I should say I was!" And up the bank scrambled a neighbor boy. He was soaking wet, and dripping with muddy water.

"Why, Donnie!" cried Gretchen. "What's happened to you?"

"Catching frogs, and fell in," Donald explained briefly. "What's a fellow going to

do? I can't go to school like this. The folks have all gone away for the day, and the house is locked. I brought my lunch."

"Yes, I know," said Gretchen. "They 've gone to the fair. So have mine."

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-Dong! The first bell was ringing. "Come to school! Come to school!" it seemed to call.

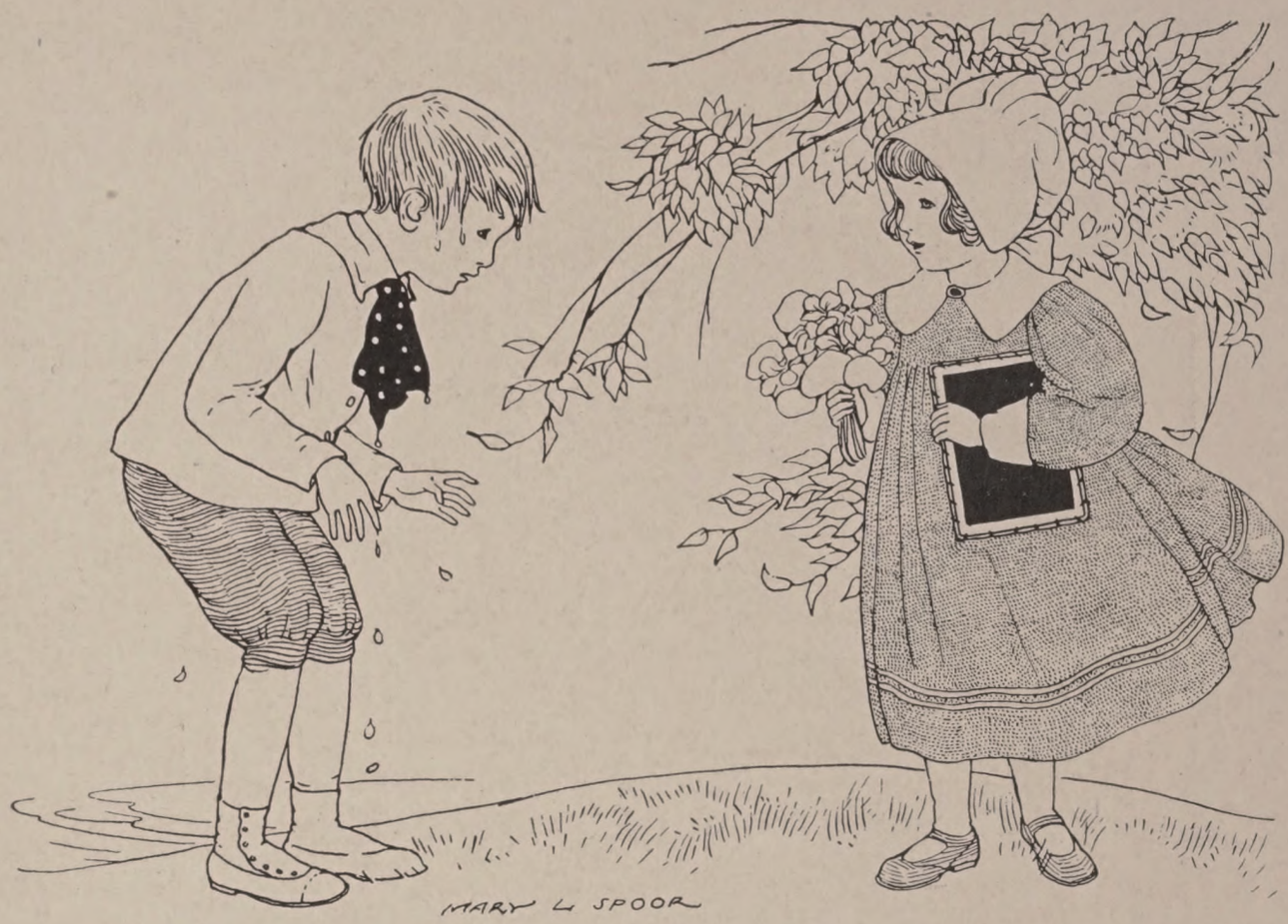
"Good-by, Donnie. I 'm afraid I 'll be late." Gretchen took a step or two down the road. "I 'm sorry you fell in," she called back. She went on a few steps, then turned and looked at the dripping little boy in the road.

"Come to school! Come to school! Come to school!" the big bell kept urging.

Gretchen looked off wistfully in the direction of the schoolhouse. Then she suddenly turned around and started back up the hill.

"Come on, Donnie," she called. "I'll take you to my house and dry you off. I've a key."

When they reached the house Gretchen opened the kitchen door and they went in.



"Now," she said, "you get some wood and build a fire, Donnie, and I'll dry your coat and your shoes and stockings. You sit up close to the stove and dry the rest of you."

"Ding-dong! Come to school!" urged the second bell, but Gretchen paid no attention to it.

"Close to the stove" was a pretty hot place when the fire was crackling, so it did n't take Donald very long to get dry. When he

was dressed again Gretchen brushed off the dried mud and locked the kitchen door, and they started on the run for school.

Two very red and breathless children hung up their hats a little later, and tiptoed into the room where their classmates were.

"M-m-m!" murmured the other children reproachfully. Gretchen, who had never before been tardy, late—and so very, very late, too!

It was Donald who explained how it

happened. He stood right up in the aisle, and told about it so everybody could hear.

When he sat down nobody said "M-m-m!" Instead, every one smiled. And most pleasantly of all smiled the teacher.

"I am glad you were tardy, Gretchen," she said. "This once it was better than being on time. As for Donald, I think he has learned that the time to catch frogs is *after* school, not *before*. The first class in reading may rise."

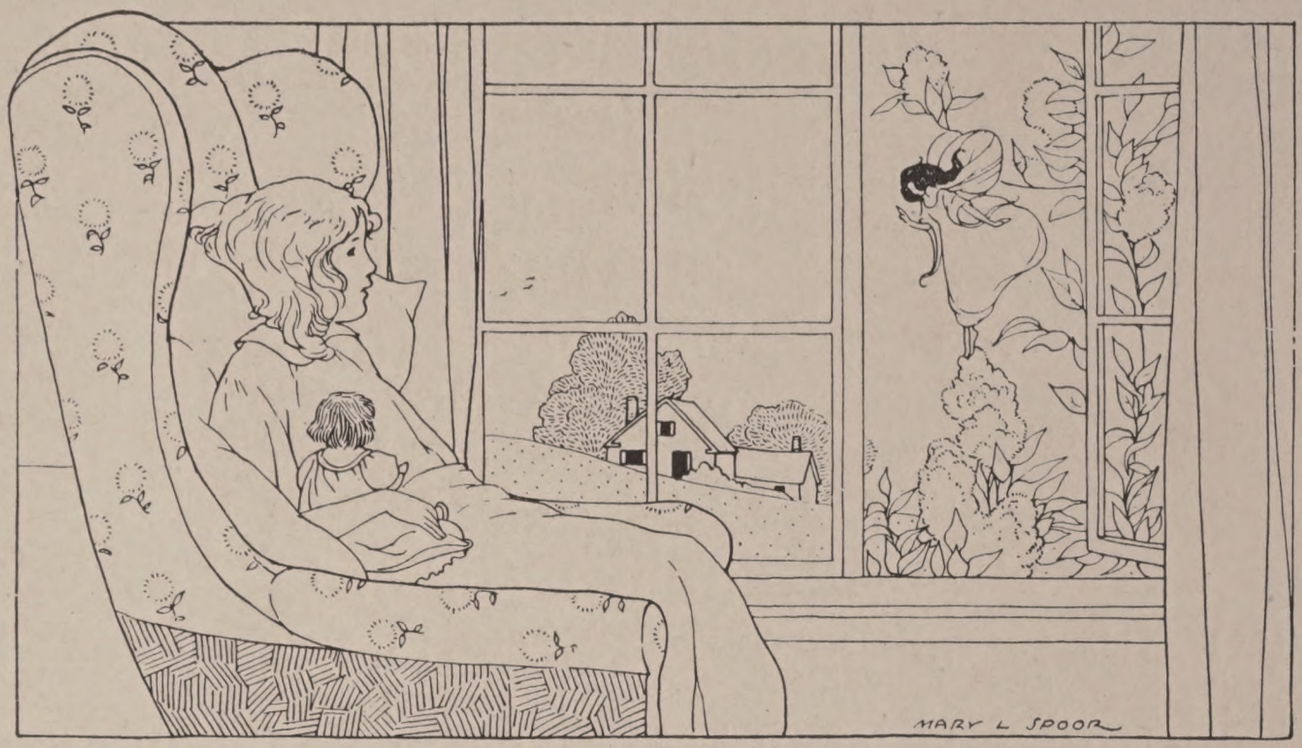
FAITH'S FAIRY HELPER

Faith had been a very sick little girl, and Faith's home had seemed very empty while she was tucked away in bed upstairs.

"Oh, dear!" grandmother would sigh. "If Faith could *only* get the mail for me!" And "Cluck-cluck!" the hens would add. "Our meals don't taste half so good as when Faith fed us." And "How I *do* miss Faith's help!" her mother would say a dozen times a day.

But after what seemed to all a very long time, Faith began to get well, and then by and by she was able to come downstairs and sit in grandmother's big chair, and look out at the lilac bush swaying gayly beside the window.

When the wind blew in warm and soft, and the purple lilac heads nodded, up and down, up and down, Faith's golden head would often nod, too. Then every one would walk on tiptoe, and whisper, "Sh! Faith's asleep!"



One day when Faith was asleep so, in grandmother's big chair, she heard a bright "Good morning!" from the lilac bush. She opened her eyes and looked out just as a tiny figure, all in purple and with silver wings, stepped out from the heart of a great blossom and balanced on one of its cup-like petals.

"And how are you to-day?" asked the purple person.

"Oh—quite well, thank you," stammered Faith in amazement.

"Of course you are." The purple person

nodded wisely. "I am the Nappyland fairy, you see. My work is to give long naps to children who are trying to get strong. Our queen sent me to help you," she explained.

"I am very much obliged to you both," said Faith gratefully. "Won't you please hurry and make me able to go outdoors?"

The Nappyland fairy again nodded wisely. "'Faith is such a useful little girl,' the queen said, 'that she can't be spared too long, so we must help her all we can. And besides, she has been so patient that she deserves some reward.' I've come specially to bring the reward to you. Here it is:

"'To-morrow, if the day be clear,
Our Faith shall take her nap out here.'"

With that the fairy waved her purple wand three times and disappeared in the heart of the lilac blossom.

Faith yawned, and rubbed her eyes.

"Time for broth, dear," came her mother's voice. "And you never could guess the

surprise Mother has for you—you 're to go outdoors to-morrow, if it's pleasant!"

Faith smiled toward the lilac bush.

"Yes," she said quite calmly, "I know." Then she told her mother about the Nappyland fairy and her promise.

"It's strange, isn't it?" she finished.

"Strange? Not a bit!" cried her mother. "Of *course* one fairy would help another!"

Faith didn't understand.

"Behold, the Fairy Willing-Hands and Busy-Feet!" said her mother, laughing, and kissing her little girl.

The next day, as Faith sat outdoors beside the lilac bush, as the fairy had promised, and was drifting off to Nappyland, she murmured:

"Thank you—*very* much—purple fairy."

SUSIE SANTA CLAUS

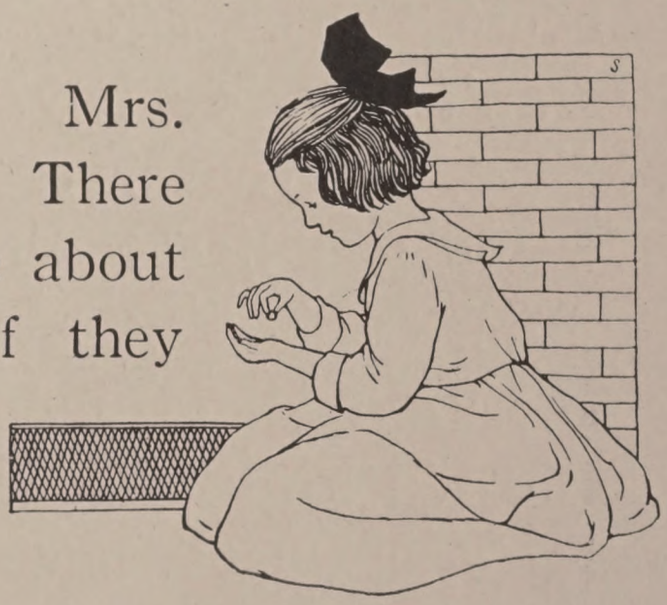
Each Saturday night Susie was given a shiny new ten-cent piece. She called it her salary.

One cold December night Susie's mother found her sitting on the floor in front of the fireplace, counting her dimes.

"What are you going to do with them, Susie?" she asked. "How would you like to spend half of your dimes for a Christmas tree for some poor little neighbors?"

"*Poor* little neighbors!" Susie looked quite puzzled. "Why, Mommy, we have n't any poor little neighbors."

"Think hard, Susie." Mrs. Wells's eyes twinkled. There seemed to be some joke about those neighbors, even if they were poor.



But Susie could n't think, try as she would.

It was snowing very hard when she went up to bed, and the next morning a foot of snow lay on the ground.

"Not much chance for the birds to get breakfast this morning," said Mr. Wells at table. "We might share ours with them. Run get a basket, Susie. And don't forget a pan of water, so the birds can have a drink."

Into the basket went bits of bread, an apple cut into sections, and some potato.

The birds were a little shy at first, but they were soon eating greedily, and Susie emptied her basket in no time.

"Oh!" she cried as she ran back into the house. "The *birds* are our poor neighbors, aren't they, Mommy? Have I guessed right?"

"Yes, you have guessed right. And how would you like to trim a Christmas tree for them, Susie?"

"A really truly tree, with things on it? Oh, I'd love it!" cried Susie joyously.

And that's how it happened that every

afternoon before Christmas found Susie busily at work. She popped and strung corn. She made long ropes of cranberries. She tied small chunks

of suet on strings. She filled bright little cornucopias with wheat and bird seed. She made apples, whole and in sections, ready to hang.

Mrs. Wells's gift was two large rolls of cotton batting. "The birds will like to line their nests with it," she explained.

The sun smiled broadly that Christmas morning when he saw beside the Wells's back steps the strangest looking tree that ever blossomed in a back yard. The Wells, peeping

through the kitchen window, smiled broadly, too. For the tree was alive with birds, fluttering, greedy and joyous, among the branches.

"I think," sighed Susie happily, "that I'll use *all* my salary, every week, to buy things for the tree."

"Generous Susie Santa Claus!" Father Wells patted her approvingly on the head.

And so each day until the warm, green spring came back, the strange tree bore its strange fruit; and every day Susie's "poor neighbors" were fed.

SIR TRUE-BLUE

David was so quiet at the breakfast table one morning that his mother thought something must be wrong with him. Finally he said, "What's a knight, mother?"

"A knight? Why, a knight is a man who does brave deeds."

"There are n't any knights now, are there, mother?" asked David thoughtfully.

"Not knights in armor, dear, as there used to be. But every brave man is a knight."

David looked inquiringly at his father. "Can a little boy be a knight?" he asked doubtfully.

"Of course he can, if he's brave," said his father. "It would be a fine game to play, Davie—being a knight."

David's mother unfastened a blue bow from her waist, and pinned it on his blouse.

"There, Sir True-Blue," she cried, "there are your colors. Be true to them!"

The newly made knight hitched up his shoulder proudly. "Of course!" he promised.

Now if there was one thing Sir True-Blue

disliked more than another it was the dark. Perhaps his mother remembered that.

"Sir True-Blue," she said, after breakfast, "run up to the attic and get mother some hickory nuts, and we'll have a cake."

The brave Sir True-Blue looked unhappy. The attic was very, very dark. Scary Things always seemed crouching in the corners and behind the trunks and boxes.

A breeze from the window fluttered the blue ribbon against the little knight's cheek.

"Where's a basket?" asked Sir True-Blue; and he whistled bravely as he started upstairs.

The attic door creaked as the little knight pulled it open. Thump-thump! Thump-thump! went Sir True-Blue's heart. Sir True-Blue grasped his basket tighter.

"It's a fine game—being a knight," he whispered to himself. Then he marched, head up, straight to the other end of the attic.

The nuts were spread out on the floor, under a tiny window. Sir True-Blue filled his

basket full. The thump-thumping under his blouse had stopped by the time he was ready to go back.

When he reached the attic door Sir True-Blue turned around and shook his fist back into the darkness.

"I beat you that time!" he cried.

That night Sir True-Blue insisted on going to bed alone. "It's part of the game," he explained, "the knight game, you know, daddy. It's a fine game—being a knight!" he added, as he ran off into the darkness.

TORCHES THREE

Tommy and Betty and Marjory loved all parades, but best of all they had ever seen they loved the torchlight parade they saw one night when a President was being elected.

"Let's have a torchlight parade ourselves," suggested Tommy the very next day. "Betty can carry the flag, and Marjory can be the band, and I'll carry the torch."

But when the procession was ready to form, Tommy had no torch, so his mother offered to make him one.

"I want one that will burn, please," he told her.

"No," she said, "the little torchbearer might catch fire. Mother will make one that will do just as well."

She fastened a large puff of scarlet flannel to the end of a broomstick.

"There, Mr. Tommy Torchbearer," said

his mother, handing the torch to him, "who ever saw a brighter flame than that in any parade?"

Tommy was satisfied. He led with his

torch and held it out stiff and straight in front of him. Marjory fell in behind with the drum, and Betty came last, with the flag.

It was a truly wonderful parade. But the very next day the "band" and the standard-bearer came down with the measles.

"Wish I could have a parade," said Tommy lonesomely. "What shall I do, mamma?"

"What shall you do, sonny? Well, why not be a torch yourself?"

Tommy looked puzzled.

"A torch! How can anybody be a torch?"

"It's very easy—just by giving brightness," his mother explained. "I need brightness very much, with Betty and Marjory both ill. Every one needs brightness. And a little boy who wanted to be a torch could give a great deal."

So Tommy decided to try it.

"And how did the torch burn to-day, Tommy?" his mother asked when they had their good-night talk. "Brightly?"

"It burned some," Tommy admitted modestly. "First, I went to the store for Ann. That was being a torch, was n't it? When I came out of the store I met old Mrs. Brown. She had a basket of things, and I carried it home for her. That makes two torches. And I cut out some paper dolls for Bet and Marjory and—and I guess—I'm—too—sleepy—to remember—any—more."

The next morning Tommy had the measles himself.

"Oh, Tommy," cried his mother, "you 're a real torch now! Look!" and she held up a mirror so he could see himself.

Tommy laughed at what he saw.

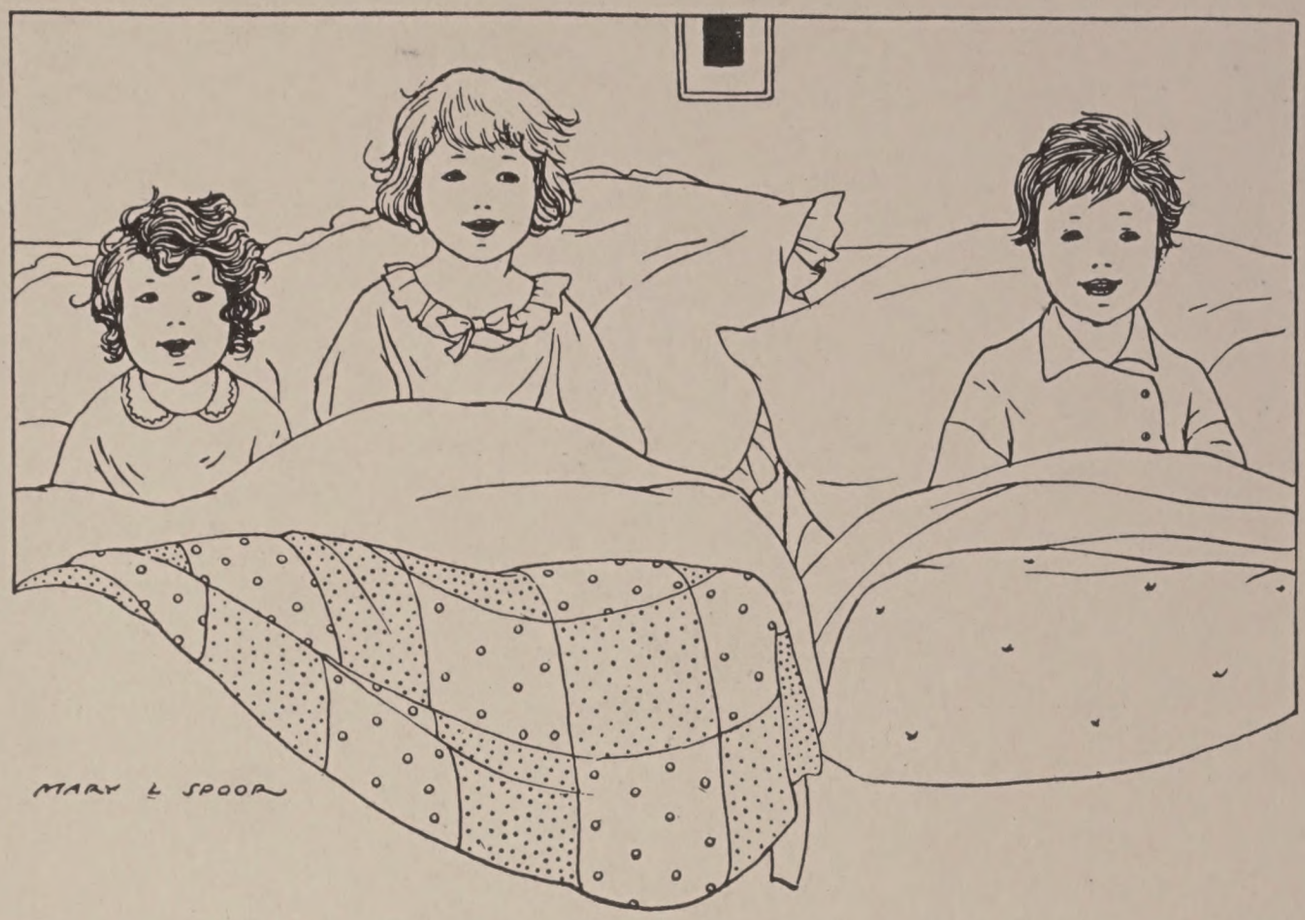
"I *am* pretty red," he said. "But I don't feel a bit like a torch."

"Why, you can be one for yourself, now,"

his mother cheered him, "and a better one than ever for Betty and Marjory. For I'm going to move your bed into their room, so I can take care of you all together."

When the "band" and the standard-bearer heard what Tommy had been doing, they decided to become torches, too.

"My, what a jolly, bright sickroom!" the doctor cried when he came to see them.



"They are my little torches," explained their mother, proudly.

But the best part of it all was that the little torches kept right on being bright after they got well. And other people, who did n't know anything about the torches, did know that they were always just a little bit happier when Tommy and Betty and Marjory were about.

TURN OVER

TURN OVER

may sew eight squares of patchwork to-morrow morning, instead of four."

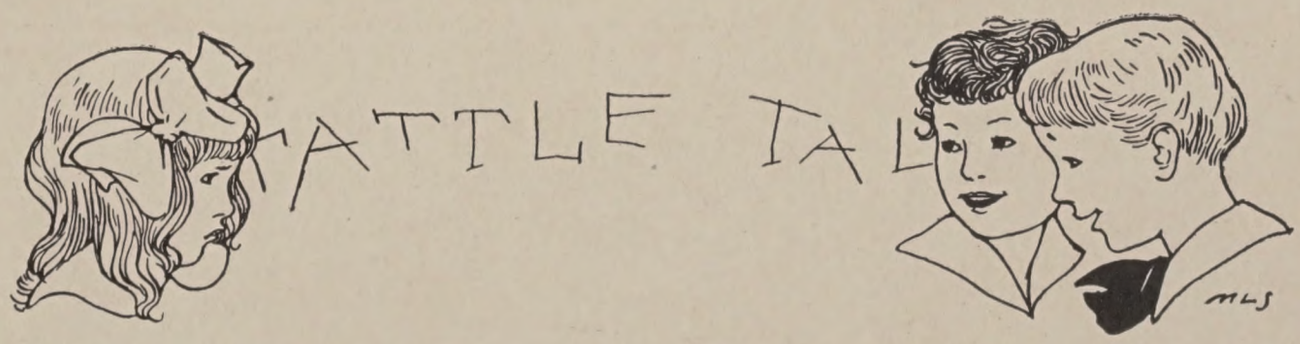
The next morning when Mary Ellen had finished her patchwork she rushed up to her room to put on her overalls. There, staring out at her from her mirror, was TATTLE-TALE, daubed in big black letters.

"It's that horrid Joey, I know it is!" screamed Mary Ellen. "Mamma! Mamma!"

Mother Rayburn came upstairs and looked in. She smiled queerly, as she had smiled into her teacup.

"Make him take it off!" sobbed Mary Ellen.

But Joey did n't take it off—not for a long time. It was left there to remind Mary Ellen that "boys don't tattle."



just as naughty as Joey—and naughtier, for you're a telltale, too. No more cooking in the playhouse this week. Mary Ellen, you

Bridget made cookies this morning, too. I can't imagine where they have gone."

"I know!" piped out Mary Ellen shrilly. "Joey took 'em down to the playhouse."

Jimsy and Joey turned up disgusted noses at Mary Ellen. "Tattle—" they began.

"Hush, boys!" interrupted Mother Rayburn. "Mary Ellen, did you eat some of those cookies?"

"Um-hum." Mary Ellen mashed a berry with her spoon.

"Then," said Mother Rayburn, "you are

The chimney smoked, the little old stove did n't cook well, potatoes were half raw, and the onions burned. But to Jimsy and Joey and Mary Ellen it was a splendid feast.

When everything was eaten, Mary Ellen, sighing contentedly, looked up from their box-table and spied a bulging paper bag.

"Dessert," mumbled Joey. "Have one?"

Mary Ellen plunged in her hand and drew out a plump molasses cooky.

"Bridget 'll be awful mad!" she chuckled, biting off a scallop.

That night Jimsy and Joey and Mary Ellen did n't care much about supper.

"What's happened to your appetites, children?" Father Rayburn inquired.

"Why, you see," explained Jimsy, "we ate such a lot in the playhouse this afternoon."

Father Rayburn began to eat his berries.

"Where's the cake?" he asked.

Mother Rayburn smiled queerly into her cup. "I'm sorry, but there is n't any to-night.

THE TATTLE-TALE

Mary Ellen longed to be a boy. To make herself look as much like one as possible she wore blue overalls, and pinned up her pretty hair in a tight wad.

Jimsy and Joey only laughed at her.

"Ho!" they said, "you'd never make a good boy, Nell. You're a tattle-tale. Boys don't tattle."

But even if she did tell tales, Mary Ellen was a first-rate chum, and when Jimsy and Joey made the old henhouse over into a playhouse, Mary Ellen worked every bit as hard as they did.

"Let's fry some potatoes and things, and have a feast," she suggested, the afternoon the playhouse was finished.

"Good idea!" agreed Jimsy. "You get some stuff out of the garden, and Joey can get some pans from the kitchen, and I'll build the fire."

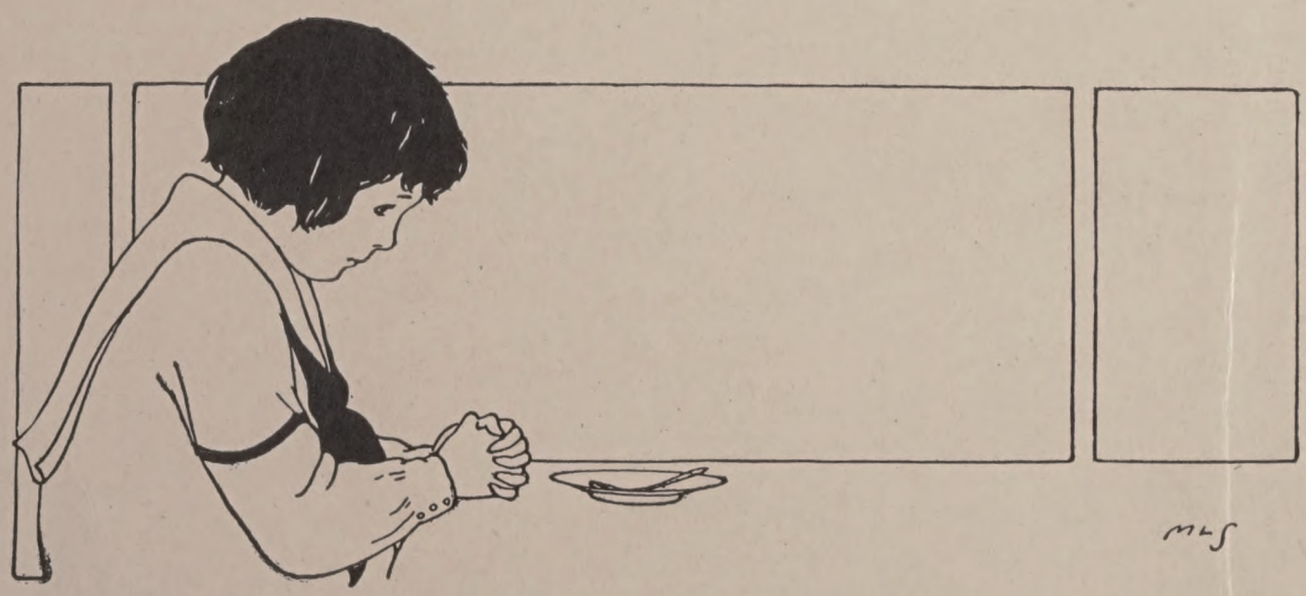
"You must eat every bit. That's what every really nice boy does."

Jamie was just finishing the ice cream, his poor little nose all cold and dripping, when someone shook him.

"Time to go to bed, son," said a familiar voice.

"I w-want my s-stomach!" mumbled Jamie sleepily, as his father lifted him from the floor and stood him on his feet.

The next day Jamie didn't tease for more dessert. His mother, and his father, and his grandfather all wondered why.



"Ugh!" he cried, as his nose touched the cold ice cream. "Oh, please, give me back my own little-boy stomach!" And he began to sob.

"No, Jamie," said Eat-It-All firmly. "You know you must have a stomach big enough to match your eyes. Go ahead."

Doughnuts, candy, fruit, ice cream, all salty with tears, Jamie gobbled, nosing into the dish like any other little pig.

"I w-want my s-stomach! I w-want my s-stomach!" he wailed between bites.

But Eat-It-All only shook her head.

"Oh!" he said, with a gasp of surprise. "Are—are you a fairy?"

The fairy nodded gravely.

"I am the Fairy Eat-It-All. My business is to visit boys and girls who leave things on their plates. After I touch them with my wand they never, never leave anything again."

Jamie eyed the huge dish doubtfully.

"Your eyes are bigger than your stomach, that's the trouble," explained Eat-It-All. "I'll just make your stomach larger."

"I don't want—" objected Jamie. But the fairy had already waved her wand.

Jamie began to have a queer feeling under his little blouse. His stomach was growing!

"Eat!" commanded the fairy.

Jamie seized a huge piece of cake, and began. His stomach felt queerer and queerer. It grew so big he could n't sit up, and he had to get over on his hands and knees. Jamie could n't use his hands, so he had to put his face right in the dish.

"Polite little boys always say 'Thank you,'" reminded the voice.

Jamie looked around.

THE FAIRY EAT-IT-ALL

Jamie's eyes were bigger than his stomach; his grandfather said so. And he said so because Jamie always teased for more dessert and then did n't eat it.

One night Jamie teased for more ice cream; and, as usual, did n't eat it. He only spatted it into a little puddle with his spoon.

Then he slid down from his chair.

"I 'd like to be excused, please," he said, as usual. "I—I 'm not hungry."

"Your eyes, Jamie," his grandfather began. But Jamie had run off to paint in his new Christmas book.

Jamie's eyes began to wink shut before he had painted very long, and pretty soon he was sound asleep on the floor.

"I'm glad you are so happy about my present," said a pleasant voice.

Jamie sat up with a start, and found himself facing a huge dish of goodies.

Straight to the barber shop they rode. Snip-snip-snip! went the barber's scissors. Patty shivered. In a twinkling her pretty curls lay scattered over the floor.

"Look at the boy!" shouted Patty's brothers when they saw her. "Pat! Pat! Pat!"

And Patty became "Pat" to all the family —"Pirate Pat," when she was especially impatient or naughty. How she hated the name!

"Please let me be 'Patience,' mamma," she begged at last.

"When you 've earned it, Pat," her mother promised.

And so Patty set to work to make "Patience" of "Pat."

was beginning to feel just like a frightened little girl. She opened the back gate and walked slowly up to the house.

"Why, Pa-tience Prentice!" gasped her mother. "What *have* you been doing?"

"P-playing p-pirate," she stammered. "I fell—overboard."

Patty's mother gave one long look at the pirate's hair and said, "Get your hat and come with me."

well with her dress and stockings, but the burrs in her hair would not let go.

Patty no longer felt like a pirate. She

Patty climbed up the tree beside the chicken house and jumped over onto the roof.

"Now I'll hoist a flag," said the small pirate. Her brothers always hoisted one when they played pirate.

The wet, grimy little handkerchief she had cried into would do for the flag, and a branch of the tree should be the flag pole. As Patty reached up to fasten the handkerchief her foot slipped and down she went.

Over and over rolled the small pirate, like a ball, down the slanting roof. Bump! she dropped over the edge, into a heap of grass and weeds lying in the alley below.

Patty was not hurt; only surprised.

"Heave-ho!" she cried (the boys always cried "Heave-ho"), and started to get up. The whole grass pile seemed to be coming, too.

"Ouch!" cried Patty. There were big green burrs in the grass!

The fallen pirate got to her feet and began to pull off the burrs. She managed pretty

PIRATE PAT

She was a very impatient little girl, and so it was strange that she should have been named Patience. But usually she was called Patty, except when she was especially impatient. Then her mother said "Pa-tience," very slowly. That made Patty dislike her name. Sometimes it made her naughtier still.

Those naughtier times were sure to come when Patty had her hair brushed. She always pulled, and twisted, and cried. One morning she even screamed and stamped her foot.

"Patience," said her mother, "be a lady!"

"I *won't* be a lady!" screamed Patty. "I'll be—I'll be a pirate!" And with that she threw the comb and brush across the room, and rushed out of the house, screaming "I'll be a pirate! I'll be a pirate!"

To be a pirate, Patty knew, one must first have a ship. The chicken house was the only thing in the garden that was big enough.

of the picnickers. It did n't make him happier, and it was a warm, tired little boy that carried the basketful of peas into the house at last.

At dinner he slid quietly into his chair. His father lifted the cover from a steaming dish.

"Have some scrambled eggs, Allan?" he asked.

Allan gave one look at the contents of that dish. They made him think of Teddy; of the picnic; of the fun he was missing. It was more than he could bear.

"N-n-no," he gulped, "th-th-thank you." And bursting into tears, he ran upstairs.

to give to Mrs. Dow. You may work out the twenty cents picking peas."

So for an hour Allan worked in the hot garden. Now and then he could hear the shouts

"You've broken every one!" the little boy cried out. "And they cost twenty cents! You're a mean—"

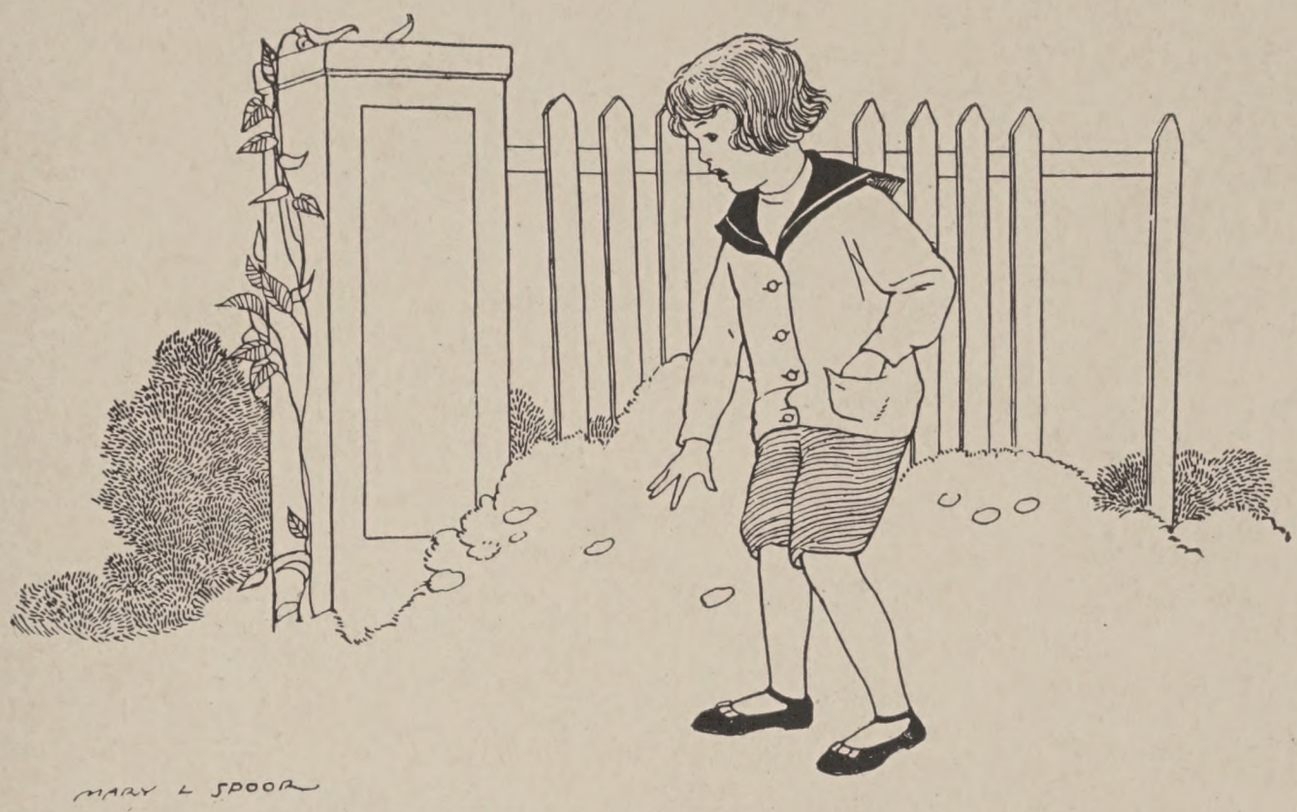
"What's this?" Allan started guiltily as he saw his mother hurrying to the gate. "Why, it's Teddy Dow! What's happened, Teddy?"

"It's eggs," Teddy explained, holding out two sticky little hands. "I was carrying 'em home in my pockets, and he smashed 'em—all six of 'em!"

He was a sorry sight, and Mrs. Bane took him into the house and cleaned off the yellow mess as well as she could. "Run on home now, Teddy," she said. "Tell mother Allan will bring her some more eggs."

Allan brought the eggs from the pantry, put on his girl hat, and marched off without a word. When he came back he started to hang up the hat.

"No," said his mother, "don't take it off. You must pay mother for those eggs she had



it went, toward some sparrows twittering in the tree. A little boy came running down the street. Allan picked up a handful of stones and made for the gate.

Biff! went a stone. Biff! Biff! Biff! the others followed, as fast as Allan could throw them, straight toward the little boy. And this time they hit the mark.

The little fellow stopped running and felt of his pockets. Then Allan saw small, oozy, yellow streams beginning to trickle down the little boy's clothes and onto his stockings.

ALLAN'S GIRL HAT

Allan was all ready to go to the picnic, his lunch packed and waiting in the kitchen.

"Now," said his mother, giving his tie a final pat, "get your big hat and run along."

"I don't want to wear that big hat," objected Allan. "I look like a girl in it!"

His mother laughed. "The sun is hot, dear, and you'll need the shade," she coaxed.

Allan's lower lip started to come out stubbornly. "But I don't *want* a hat."

This time Mrs. Bane did not coax. "Never mind, Allan. Go and get your hat at once."

"I won't!" Allan declared defiantly.

"Very well—you may stay at home."

Allan hesitated. He hated the big hat with the rubber to keep it from blowing off! His lips came tight together, and he thumped angrily downstairs and into the yard.

When Allan was angry he always threw things. Now he picked up a stone, and biff!

Edward nodded. "Are you sure that'll get back my smile?"

"Sure!" said the smashed-up Grinny Boy.

"I'll go right now," cried Edward, feeling of his face. It was beginning to get better.

Clang-a-lang! Clang-a-lang! It was the big bell, calling him to come to supper.

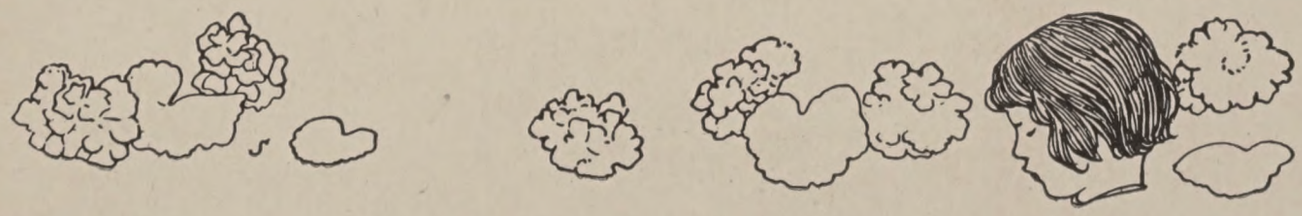
"Come, sonny—shortcake for tea! Had a good time in the Smiles Room?"

Edward rubbed his eyes. There beside him stood his own dear mother. And she *did* love him for she was smiling down at him.

"I'm g-going to weed the ge-geran-yums, mudder," he stammered with a yawn.

Then he glanced over to the wall where the old mirror hung. There it was, smooth and whole and shining, and from it Edward looked out at himself with his own broad grin.

His smile had come back!



It was like a frozen face, all stiff and set with scowls. Edward was frightened. "Oh, what'll I do!" he wailed. "Can't I *ever* smile?"

"Well," said the smashed-up Grinny Boy thoughtfully, "there's only one way that I know of—do something nice for somebody."

"But I don't know anything nice to do," complained Edward.

"That's because you're disagreeable inside. Suppose you weed the geranium bed. Your mother asked you to do it this morning, and you ran off and left it half done. Remember?"

That specially wide grin was more than Edward could stand. Out came a fist from his pocket. Bang! it went, straight into the face of the Grinny Boy. Smashity-crash! went the mirror. The Grinny Boy disappeared.

"Now you *have* done it!" cried the voice from among the bits of glass. "You've smashed your own smile. Now you'll always look cross, and nobody will ever love you."

"Huh!" sniffed Edward. "Guess I can smile without *you*."

"Try it!"

Edward tried. His face wouldn't move.

of the funny old mirror that hung there. This mirror made your face so short and so broad when you looked into it that you seemed to be grinning from ear to ear. It always made Edward laugh.

But to-day he did n't want to laugh. He hitched up into a big chair opposite the mirror, jammed his hands deep down into his trousers pockets, and scowled his eyes tight shut.

"You 're a nice fellow!" cried a merry, boyish voice.

Edward's eyes popped open with surprise, and before he knew it he was looking straight at the Grinny Boy in the mirror.

"I hate you!" he snapped.

"That's natural," returned the Grinny Boy. "Cross people always hate pleasant ones."

"Stop grinning!" cried Edward angrily.

"Can't," said the Grinny Boy. "I'm the real Edward, you see. You are some other boy. If you were yourself you would n't be cross." And he grinned wider than ever.

way back. Then he grumbled himself into the Smiles Room, and slammed the door.

They called it the Smiles Room because

THE SMILES ROOM

Edward had a fine new box of building blocks. He played with them morning, noon, and night, and made all sorts of wonderful things.

One afternoon he was just putting the chimney on the house he had been building when his mother called him.

"Will you run over to the drug store for some camphor for mother, dear?" she said.

Edward got slowly to his feet. He did n't want to go to the drug store. He gave his blocks an angry kick, and scuffed sulkily into the room where his mother was.

"And when you come back," she went on, handing him ten cents, "you may stay in the Smiles Room until you get pleasant."

Edward usually thought the Smiles Room great fun, but not when he was sent in there because he was cross. He grumbled all the way to the drug store, and he grumbled all the

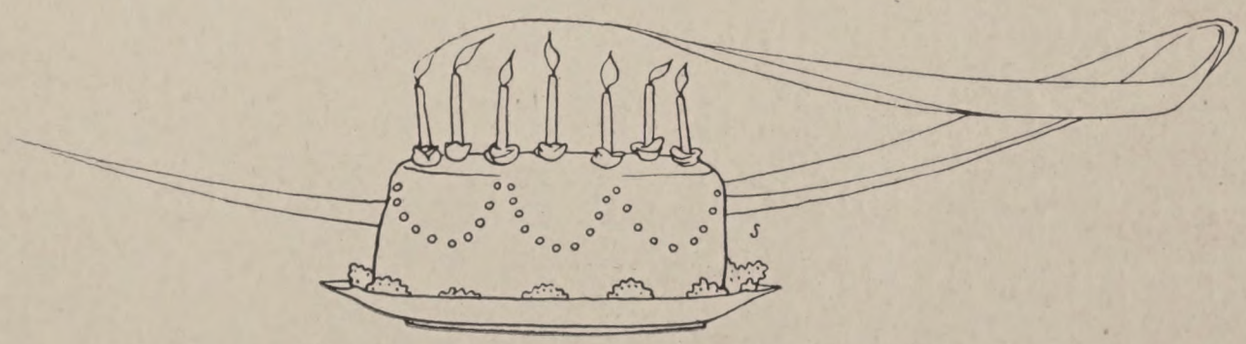
But Mrs. Bradfield had heard Marion's angry sobs, and hurried in.

"Dry your eyes, dear. The birthday cake is all ready. The little girl who gets to the dining room first may light the candles."

Marion jumped up, and the stockings were forgotten as the children flew downstairs.

When the party was over, Marion stole up to her room, crawled under the bed, and brought out the stockings. Then she sorted them and put them in a neat pile on her work basket. This time she wore her birthday face.

"P'raps it *would* be better to be a lady," she thought. And since her "stocking party," as she calls it, Marion has truly tried to become one.



stockings out smoothly, one by one, in rows on the floor. Then she put together those that were the same size and color.

"I 'll just leave 'em there!" she declared, when the last one was down. "No one 'll see 'em."

When the party began, Marion's little guests asked, the very first thing, to see her gifts. Marion led the way up to her room. There, on the floor, lay those rows of stockings—long ones, short ones, middle-sized ones; black, white, colored!

"Oh, how funny!" exclaimed the little girls, and began to laugh.

Marion grew very red. She dropped on her knees, snatched up the stockings, rolled them into a wad, and threw them under the bed.

"You 're just as mean as you can be!" she cried. "I wish you 'd go home!"

The children stopped laughing. They wondered what they 'd better do.

THE SUNNY-SULKY BOOK

MARION'S "STOCKING PARTY"

Marion was very careless about leaving things around. Her mother told her that no untidy little girl could ever be a real lady. To this Miss Marion only replied:

"I don't want to be *any* kind of a lady. I'd rather be a little girl, and play."

Marion was learning to darn. Every week the clean stockings were carried up to her room for her to sort and help mend.

Now it happened one week that mending day came on Marion's birthday.

"It is n't fair to have to darn on my birthday," she pouted. "'Sides, the girls are coming."

"I hope you put on a birthday face before they come, Marion," Mrs. Bradfield answered. "We will do the darning to-morrow. Sort the stockings, and put them away neatly."

So Marion went to work—but she did n't put on a birthday face. First she laid the

"Dry your eyes, dear. The birthday cake is all ready. The little girl who gets to the dining room first may light the candles"

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THE SULKY SIDE

By
SARAH CORY RIPPEY
Author of "The Goody-Naughty Book"

With illustrations by
BLANCHE FISHER WRIGHT
and
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